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REFERENCES. - Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, DAN BAKER, Claim Agent Conderport Pa. June 8, '64.-1 y.

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What Young People Should

can give their children is the ability to published and sold at the Sanitary Fair, in Baltimore help and take care of themselves. This is better than a hundred thousand dolnothing, and have to be waited upon, are helpless and easily disheartened in the ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following misfortunes of life. Those who are acyoung people, therefore, learn to do as many things as possible. Every boy or 00 girl should know how, sooner or later

1. To dress himself, black his own

2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon 3. To carve and wait on a table.

4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, * **All transient advertisements must be and dress a yeal or mutton. 5. To reckon money and keep accounts

> keeping rules. 6. To write a neat and appropriate. briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, fold and subscribe it properly, and

write contracts. . . 7. To plough, sow grain and grass, drive a mowing machine, build a neat stack and pitch hay.

8. To put up a package, build a fire, mend broken tools, whitewash a wail and regulate a clock.

Every girl should know how-1. To sew and knit. 2. To mend clothes neatly.

3. To make beds. 4. To dress her own hair. 5. To wash the dishes and sweep the

carpets.

6. To make good bread and perform all plain cooking.
7. To keep her rooms, drawers and

S. To work a sewing machine.

9. To make good butter and cheese. 10 To make a dress and children's clothing.

11 To keep accounts and calculate 12. To write, fold, and subscribe let-

ers properly. 13. To nurse the sick efficiently, and

14. To be ready to repder efficient aid and comfort to those in trouble, and in an unestentatious way.

15. To receive and entertain visitors in the sickness or absence of her moher. A young lady who can do all these things well, and who is always ready to render aid to the afflicted, and mitigate the perplexities of those around her, will bring more comfort to others and happiness to herself, and be more esteen than if she only knew how to dance, sim- you can do to day. per, sing, and play on the piano.—Home

Who is to Blame?

A band of desperadoes, who had hitherto defied the police of Paris, have re- because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. portunity." cently been discovered and apprehended. Listen to the opening examination of thirst, and cold. their leader, Thilbert, and say where the blame lies.
"How old are you?"

"As far as I can judge, about forty-

"What is your profession?" "That of a thief."

"What was your father?" "A thief likewise, and died upon the

And your mother?" "A thief also, and died in the prison of Grenoble."

ble and useful trade?"

mothers who have sinned before them." A gentleman from Arkansas gives the

following dialogue, which he heard at a

"Hallo, boy!"

"Hallo, yourself!" "Can I get breakfast here?" "I should rather think you couldn't!"

"Why not?"

matter you no jump.

Sidney Smith, passing through a

THE BLUE COAT.

The following ballad is from the pan of Bishop Bur The best inheritance which parents goes, of Maine, and contributed by him to the book THE BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the man before?
Because my heart was full and proud
When I saw the old blue coat he wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat, the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badgo he bore;
Enough that in the front of foes
His country's blue great coat he wore;
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest but,
Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;
To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
I only marked the coat he wore!
The blue great coat, the sky blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
From Shien or Ham in the days of yore;
For sixely he was a brother of mine
Who, for my sake, the war-coat wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the solder wore.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or be might be rich in learned lore;
But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown ne scholar wore
Than the great blue coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore;
But I would not guess a spot so foul
On the honored coat he so bravely wore:
The blue great coat, this sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore. He had worn it long and borne it far,

ne nad worn it iong and borne it far,
And perhaps, on Easted Virginia shore
From midnight chik till the morning star
That warm great cout the sentry wore:
The blue great cout, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

When hardy Butler reined his steed
Through the street of proud, proud Baltimore,
Perhaps behind him at his need
Marched he who yonder blue coat wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks,
When Rappahannock ran dark with gore,
Perhaps on the meuntain side with Banks,
In the burning sun no more he wore
This blue great cout, the sky-blue ceat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamps was a bed for his form,
From the Seven Day's battling and marching sore
Or with Kearney and Pope mid the steely storm
As the hight closed in that coat he wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
Tho old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or when right over us Jackson dashed, Or when right over as Joseph and the fore,
That collar or cape some bullet fore,
Or when, far ahead, Antictam flashed,
He flung to the ground the coat he wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore:

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Ran deep to Howard's cannon roar,
Or saw, with Grant, the unchained waves,
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The eld blue coat the soldier were. The garb of hener tells enough
Though I its elere growth

The garb of near tens enough
'Though I lis glery guess no more,
The heart it covers is made of such stuff
That the coat is mail that spidier wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore. He may hang it up when the Peace shall come,

And the norths may find it behind the door,
But his children will point, when they hear a drum
To the proud old coat their father wore:
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Kill bow the head as one goes by
Who wears that coat the soldier wore:
The blue great coat, the skyldine coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Never put off till to morrow what

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. 3. Never spend your money before

you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not want

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, 6. We never repent of having eaten

too little.

willingly. 8. How much pain have the evils which have never happened, cost us. handle.

10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very augry, a hundred.

A French writer remarks, that "the modest deportment of those who are 'And, when you were left thus alone truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its car is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends mod. Testing to go and withdraws from observations.

Suppers of the poung and ignorant, most disagrecable old bachelor alive; I wise, while Uncle William stared and drank his tea, and stared again, in a sillent species of amazement.

Chribean Sea before he ever came here there are the suppers of the bottom of the company in a sillent species of amazement.

The next morning it "rained pitch week. I don't think I can forks" Aunt Dolly was up with the stand it. why sought you not to learn an honora- suming air of the young and ignorant, "Because I was driven from door to ances of wheat, which, while its car is door; because no institution is open to empty, holds up its head proudly, but as those who sin, nor to those fathers and soon as it is filled with grain, bends modation."

> he, "I have had you arrested for stealing eyes out on, for mamma is on the enemy's down so violently that there was no livan apology to the accused. "Well," says

A Clergyman on his way to church consolate little nicce. ye have not danced, rendered it thus: wish I were dry!" "Never mind," said with this rather uncomplimentary note chewing vigorously at a bit of shining We have toot, toot to you, what's the his colleague, "you will soon be in the lurking in the toe of one of Uncle Wm. yellow straw. pulpit, and there you will be dry enough." Corney's new slippers.

Major-Generals.

CURED OF MATRIMONY.

Violet Power was in the sulks.

less. Girls will look pretty that have the quiet life of William Corney.

asked Mr. Pellet, geyes like blue morning glories at four "Walk iu, Squire; walk in," said a bony sandwich. and round faces with satin brown hair hearty hospitality. "My wife'll be powgrowing low on the forehead. Violet erful glad to see you. Dolly here's a Mr. Pellet. "Eighteen weeks out of the handsome.

The parlor curtains were elbowed aside by great scented masses of rose geraniums. Dolly!" and Violet's little piano was open close swinging in the topmost fork of that shad-

owv old beech tree! Violet was leaning over her fragrant wrists; while Mr. Pellet sat square in aint just as nateral --- Hallo!" the middle of the sofa opposite, holding veying Miss Power over the brim thereof. A stout, portly little man of forty or ceal the bald spot on the top of his head, he was hovering on the brink of the perilous line that separates old bachelorhood from matrimony, an undecided aspirant.

"I had fully made up my mind never to marry," thought Mr. Pellet. "I'm not altogether certain as to the wisdem of the thing, and yet, she is such a trim, pretty concern !"

Influenced by these meditations. Mr. Pellet put his hand slowly down into the crown of his hat, and drew forth, shrouded in wrappings of silver paper, a stiff little hot house boquet.

"I knew Miss Violet was fond of flowers," he remarked, looking straight into the hat, as if he expected another boquet Dolly was mistress of her situation. to spring up in the place of the lost one,

and so I thought-He stopped, floundering vainly for an idea to finish up with, and beat "Hail bachelor. Columbia" on the crown of his hat with

his finger ends. Five minutes elapsed in awkward silence, and then Mr. Pellet came to the conclusion that he had better go, and

rose accordingly. "Pray come and see us again, Mr. Pellet." said Mrs. Powers, sweetly.

"Thank'ee," said that gentleman. I am going out of town for a day or twothat is-a week, and will drop in when I come back from Steel's Mills." "Steel's Mills?" ejaculated Mrs. Power.

Is that the place you are going to?" "Yes-it's about a bad debt of the

Mills. Do pray call and see her."

"And, Violet," pursued Mrs. Power, her myself, Mr. Pellet; she is my double "I thought Mr. Pellet wouldn't pro-

"There is no hurry about them," said

Violet, listlessly.

"My darling! I heard you say only as she urged on his acceptance a plate of ed it?"

"My darling! I heard you say only as she urged on his acceptance a plate of ed it?"

"My darling! I heard you say only as she urged on his acceptance a plate of ed it?"

"My 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do patched. Bring them down immediately the momentous question yes?" -why, what can you be thinking of?"

William Corney's address.

tiny note. And this is what it said:

"My DARLING AUNT DOLLY:—These "Cleanliness is the next thing to god-

"K ase mass away—missis drunk—de baby got de colic, and I don't care a damn for nobody."

The traveler was speechless.

And Mr. Elijah Pellet took the express ical William.

A number of stories are affoat about sloping caves all hidden in snowy clouds of irresolution. by street behind St. Paul's, heard two attempts to assassinate Grant and Sher- of cherry blossoms and odorous branches women abusing each other from opposite man, by running railway cars off the of southernwood on each side of the gar- and dainty vegetables. houses. 'They will never agree,' said track. This is too bad on the railroads. den gate—velvet fields stretching away the wit; 'they argue from different prom. Their assassinations are not confined to a blue, tranquil stream, and a gnarfed cleaning-house times," said William, as crooked words, I cannot spell 'em. apple orchard whose knotty boughs were he presented a plate of extremely fossil- Exit boy in the twinkling of a bedpost.

upon its rural beauty as he turned the hot things." But she looked very pretty, neverthe- sweep in the road, and he almost envied "How long does house cleaning last?" o'clock in the morning, and rosy lips, Uncle William, beaming all over with

knew she was pretty, and she knew, like gentleman that knows your brother Hi- fifty-two, spent in this dreary ceremonial! wise, that Mr. Elijah Pellet was not ram's folks in York, and he's brought I'm glad I'm not a married man!" me a pair of slippers that our little Violet | Cold and dim, through falling rain

by, giving the parlor a cosy home-like rosy matron of about forty-five, with at least go to bed!" look that your brown stone palaces never sunny brown hair under the neatest of "I haven't done things as thoroughly can rival, any more than the robin's caps, and a complexion like her own ap- as I expected to," said Mrs. Corney, as gilded cage rivals the mess-lined nest ple blossoms. She held out her plump she smilingly handed Mr. Pellet a bedpalm with a welcome no whit less cordial room candle. "When Violet is here, we than her husband's.

"Well!" ejaculated Uncle William, Violet is so fond of cleanliness." geraniums, resolutely taciturn, in a blue lost in admiration of the slippers he was eachmere wrapper, with an edge of deli-turning round and round on his pondercate lace at the slender throat and shapely ous hand, "if these lalocks and pinks dampness of the floor struck him with a

The little purple note fell to the floor.

fairy had fluttered out of his slippers. "It's for you, Dolly," he said to his The next day he took the cars for New thereabouts, with a comfortable double wife, carefully picking it up. "A letter York, having previously taken a heavy chin and hair carefully brushed to con- from Violet I calculate. Sit down, cold in his head, in a rain that penetrated traveling all the way from York"

Meanwhile Aunt Dolly, leaning against house!

"I have it," said Aunt Dolly. monosyllables. She was a woman, from six times a year!"

"So you're thinking of matrimony, Mr. himself Pellet?" said Aunt Dolly, as she extended a fragrant cup of tear to the smiling

ware of it?" simpered Mr. Pellet.

little wife in the world."

on the top of his head. stuttered, "if she'll have me."

of doubt on that enbject." Mr. Pellet illuminated all of a sudden with the purple glow of Indian aummer into a radient, self-complacent smile. | sunshine, and the hazy mists drooped

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Pellet. is a splendid housekeeper. I have trained blushes and shy pride.

tion." "By the way," said Aunt Dolly, low-throwing her arms round the elder mat-

"Not yet, but I shall certainly ask it her hazel eyes: "my dear, I had a house Violet went-laughingly enough; and immediately on my return to town.". Mr. Pellet broke out into a perspiration "You will find her a very superior 9. Take things always by their smooth of satisfaction as he wrote down Mrs. housekeeper," said Aunt Dolly. "Her It was nearly fifteen minutes before after my own model. How often I have in the world. Viplet returned—and then, deep within heard the dear child declare her unalterthe brown paper cerements which wrap-able resolution to clean house six times

slippers will be presented to you by the liness," said Mr. Pellet, trying to look

papa will make me say yes, just because dawn; and by the time Mr. Pellet made the wretch owns bank stock and mort- his appearance, with a keen appetite for A Miller had his neighbor arrest- gages. O, Aunty! if I only had your breakfast, she had a grand "housecleaned under the charge of stealing wheat do! hide in the cellar when he comes or anywhere about the house;—there was my child feel when they come on? stantiate the charge by proof, the court invite him to tea and put strychnine in no breakfast, only a "cold snack;" and Boy—The blood flies into my head, adjudged that the miller should make the cup? It's no laughing matter. Aunt finally the men folks had to take refuge and I feel red in the face, and my knees Dolly-I want your shoulder to cry my in the barn, the rain continuing to pour feel weak.

A quinese poy, who was learning the shower of rain. On arriving at the vestrain for the station whence a daily stage "Wall, my wife's allowed to be a first on snug; just below the waistband of my Testament, We have piped unto you and try, he exclaimed, rather impatiently, "I crawled over the hills to Steel's Mills, rate housekeeper," remarked the latter, trousers.

> "And Violet has been trained by her!" A splendid old farmhouse, with its thought Mr. Pellet, with a sudden pang on all these bad spells himself. Dinner time came, but no roast lamb

just beginning to blush with pink clus ized viands to his visitor. "My wife tering bads. Mr. Pellet came suddenly don't like to be bothered with cooking

asked Mr. Pellet, grating his teeth against

"Oh, two or three weeks." "Six times three," mentally computed

worked for her old Uncle,-Dolly, I say and driving wind, the night gathered over the old farm house.

And Mrs. Corney came tripping in, a "Good!" thought Mr. Pellet, "I can

have what I call a real house cleaning.

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Pellet. As he opened the door, the sepulehral

shuddering chill. "I shall catch my death of cold," he his hat on his knees, and admiringly sur- Uncle William started as if a full grown thought. "Well, it serves me right for ever thinking of getting married."

> Square, sit down-tea'll be ready prest to his very skin. What did he care for ently, and you must be clean heat out, rain? The deluge itself wouldn't have kept him a day longer in William Corney's

> the kitchen dresser, read Violet's note | "I'm glad I went there, however, "he twice over. Slowly and thoughtfully the mused, as he sat sneezing and coughing second time. Then she set her lips close in front of the bright sea-coal fire in the together and winked her hazel eyes very warm parlor of his hotel. "I'm glad I got a peep behind the domestic curtain before I wrs irrevocably committed .-Aunt Dolly knew what she was about Suppose just for an instant, that I was too, when she uttered those three magic married to a woman who cleaned house

> the crown of her head to the soles of her | The cold drops oozed out upon his feet—a real, genuine, contriving, manout forehead, and he drew a sigh of blessed vering, warm-hearted woman—and Aunt felief, such as a man experiences who wakes from a frightful dream and says to

> > "After all, it was only a dream!"

He had intended to devote the first evening of his return to Miss Violet "Dear me! How did you become Power's society. Instead of this, however, he went to the club, and put his name "My dear sir," emiled Aunt Dolly, "we down on the lists of an uncompromising womankind know such things by intuition society, known as the "Alliance of Per-Well. Violet is a charming girl—we all petual Bachelors."
know that—and she'll make the sweetest. And Mr. and M And Mr. and Mrs. Power vainly mar-

veled why the little parlor with the rose "Mr. Pellet blushed to the bald spot geraniums knew Elijah Pellet's presence no more. Marvled, and then resented it, "Of course—of course—that is," he and finally came to the conclusion that it was just as well as it was, and that they "O, she'll have you, certainly," said wouldn't have Elijah Pellet for a son in Mrs. Corney, graciously: "there's no sort law under any circumstances whatever. When the wild grapes were touched

"Bless me, what a singular coincidence," smiled Mrs. Power. "My sister, that housekeeping was preferable to Mrs. William Corney, lives at Steel's boarding."

Wells Do pray call and see her."

"I have always thought, Mrs. Corney," softly over the valleys around William Corney, house, Violet come to introduce a tall, straight young Lieutenant of Ar-"To be sure," said Aunt Dolly, "Violet tillery whom she called her husband with

"you can send those slippers to your in all respects. Whatever I do, Violet pose," said Aunt Dolly, looking very wiso Uncle—it will be such an excellent op-does, to a degree of still greater perfect at her pretty niece. "Darling auniy!" exclaimed Violet.

ering her voice to a mysterious whisper, ron's neck. "Tell me how you manage-"My dear," whispered Mrs. Corney. while unutterable things sparkled out of

cleaning while he was here!" Aunt Dolly looked at Violet. Violet looked at Aunt Dolly, and both the ladies notions of domestic cleanliness are formed burst into the merriest peals of laughter

The Lieutenant of Artillery could not understand what amused them so much. ped the worked slippers she had slid a a year when she was housekeeper. Ah But he was, as yet, an unsophisticated

Futher—Why? Is my boy sick? Boy-No, sir-not quite sick-but I have very bad spells every day in school. Father-Bad spells! Why how does

Father-Is it so? And does the teacher do nothing to cure them?

Father-What remedy does he use? Boy-Birch and Mahogany-puts'em

Boy-Oh, he tries to cure me, but he

Father-Monstrous! Does he flog you when you have those bad spells. Boy-Yes, sir, he does-and he brings

Father-Worse and worse! How does Boy-(Edying toward the door) .-Why, sir, he puts out-such b'g, long,

he bring them on?